

## Ride Turtles In From Sea.

Long Island Fishermen Have an Unusual Adventure With Animals—Captain Edwards Spies 'Em First, and He and Aged Son Get Astride and Steer 'Em to Shore.

The specialty of Amagansett, N. Y., is whales which are mostly of the variety called "right." Amagansett has been prepared for years to tackle anything in the cetacean line, being liberally equipped with power boats, modern guns, fired harpoons and all the other weapons that whales are subdued with in these days of the wireless. Every right whale gets in wrong when it heads Amagansett way and wishes it had attended some other sort of school than a plain whale one where whales gather much knowledge, but little wisdom. There was a gun-

serpent head appeared above the water. Serpent heads are sometimes seen in the Tenderloin, so the gallant skipper was not a bit put out. The seventy-year-old youngster noted another head, also reptilian, and this reassured the old man. Father and son each tackled one of the monsters and attempted to drag them aboard.

The big creatures resisted so vigorously that the boat was capsized, and father and son each found himself astride the biggest specimens of the Chelonia midas—that's what the learned old whaler says they are—ever seen



SHOUTING "GITAP!" THEY HEADED FOR THE BEACH.

gral belief in the colony of whalers the other day when men on the beach saw a great commotion off shore that there was going to be a fine battle for a big cargo of baleen and oil. They were mistaken.

Her fishermen had gone offshore to haul in nets set to capture small fry of the deep. Captain Gabe Edwards and his son, aged seventy something, were tugging at a net when it began to resist in a way that suggested monsters of the depths—maybe sea serpents, eating up the meshes.

Captain Gabe never had seen a sea serpent since he visited the Tenderloin in New York years ago, and he was willing to take another peep, so he valorously hauled on the net. A big

in this latitude. The veteran urged the youngster to keep a good saddle and steer the right course for the shore.

This seemed to be difficult at first. But the old man is resourceful. He had a heavy fish line in his pocket, and he passed over several feet of it to the boy. They deftly inserted the lines in the beaks of the monsters and, shouting "Gitap!" headed for the beach.

The old man beat the boy in, being mounted on a steed that was more than a foot longer than the youngster's. Both creatures were turned on their backs the moment they got out of the surf so they could not make for the sea again.

## Curate Flees With Woman.

Leaves English Home With Wife of Banker After Being Named as Home Wrecker in Divorce Suit.

A clerical house wrecker was cited in the person of the Rev. John William Gardiner, formerly curate at Ealing, England, who did not defend the divorce petition brought by William Thomas Cope, a banker of Ealing road, South Ealing, against his wife, Mrs. Marie Louise Cope, on the ground of misconduct.

Mr. and Mrs. Cope took great interest in a mission in their district, South Ealing, when the pastor was curate in charge, and the latter became a constant visitor at Mr. Cope's house and received considerable assistance from Mr. Cope.

On Feb. 15 last Mr. Cope returned by an early train from a theater and found his front door locked, which had never occurred before. Mrs. Cope opened the door, she being much agitated. The curate was in the dining room. When Mr. Cope demanded an explanation the wife became angry and went to her room. Subsequently the vicar was communicated with, and

as soon as possible arrangements were made for the curate's severance from the parish.

Mrs. Cope was entitled to property and shares worth \$20,000, and the securities were in her husband's custody, but after this affair a solicitor on her behalf demanded them, and when they had been handed over Mrs. Cope left and joined Mr. Gardiner. Together they went to Germany.

A letter signed by both was received by Mr. Cope, saying: "We have decided it is best for us to go away together. We hope you will forgive us. Our prayer is that God will."

Mr. Cope in his evidence described the correspondent as his bosom friend. Witness sent for him after the February incident, and the curate came and "swore by all that he held most holy that no familiarity had taken place."

The president granted a decree nisi, with costs, and gave Mr. Cope the custody of the four children.

## Wildcat Bit Cork Leg.

Guide Was So Amazed When Tenderfoot Hunter Failed to Wince That He Forgot to Shoot the Animal.

When a wildcat in the woods at Square Lake, Me., bit the ankle of Henry V. Johnson and he never even winced Sam Provost, the hunter's guide, was so astonished at what happened that he forgot to shoot the animal.

The men were after a bear and were closing in on him when their dog treed a wildcat, and Johnson, a "tenderfoot" hunter from Somerville, Mass., fired at it, wounding it in the foreleg. The enraged beast leaped upon Johnson and buried its fangs in his ankle. The guide came up just in time to see Johnson, without winc-

ing, cock his gun and fire at the beast without worrying his leg. Even at this close range Johnson missed, and the cat was disappearing in the undergrowth when Provost recovered himself enough to put a bullet into the animal.

"Excuse me, but you're about the nerviest sport I ever took out!" exclaimed the guide in admiration as he gazed at Johnson's torn trousers. "I guess we'd better get a doctor immediately."

"Oh, I guess not," replied the hunter. "What we need is a carpenter. You see, that was a cork leg he set his teeth into."

## Woman Kept Boy a Prisoner.

Matron of Orphans' Home Attempted Suicide Following Exposure. Lives, but Her Mind Is Said to Be Unbalanced.

Her mind completely unbalanced, and in a cell at the County Insane hospital, Miss Laura Whalen, matron at the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' home, a state institution, probably will never be able to explain her motive in keeping Frank Pratt, an orphan, aged twelve, locked up in her room, unknown to the authorities at the home, for three months.

The Pratt boy has been missing since March 29. A few days before that he had scolded his foot while taking a bath. Miss Whalen, who was the matron of the cottage where the Pratt boy lived with a score of other boys, failed to report the accident to Superintendent E. J. Sessions. He heard of the accident several days afterward and went to the cottage to inquire about it. Miss Whalen told him the boy was not there, but that she would bring him to the office in the morning.

The next morning Miss Whalen told him the boy had become frightened at the prospective visit of the superintendent and had run away.

The officers made every effort to locate the boy. Notices were sent out all over the state in an effort to locate Frank.

In the meantime Frank Pratt was a prisoner in the matron's room, while the twenty boys in that cottage came and went from the building, sleeping there at night and playing with the other 500 children of the home near the cottage during the day.

"I heard the boys playing outside," said Frank Pratt, "and begged her to let me go out and play with them. She told me I was sick and if I left the room or opened the blinds I would probably die."

"When I cried she told me not to make a noise, as the doctor said it would probably kill me. Most of the time I got enough for breakfast and dinner, but often did not get any supper. She told me that it was not good for me to eat so much and that the doctor said I should be careful. I told her I did not feel sick, but she said I was in a bad condition."

"She brought me books to read, but I got tired of them and wanted to go out with the other fellows. I cried sometimes for hours when she was not there."

Recently Miss Whalen, returning from a short visit to the library, noticed a number of the children excitedly gathered around her cottage. Suspecting something, she went to her room, which she always kept locked when she was out, and questioned the boy. He admitted that he had pried open the shutters and had been talking to the children in the yard.

Miss Whalen immediately locked him up in a closet and, evidently fearing that she had been found out, prepared to end her life. She packed all her belongings in her trunks and then took a dose of chloroform.

The boy is little the worse for his long confinement.

## Night of Horror In Prison.

French Soldier's Terrifying Experience With Deadly Lancehead Snake In a Martinique Jail—His Life Saved by Rep-tile's Weakness For Milk and Music.

The Eclair tells a blood curdling serpent story, the scene of which was the island of Martinique and the dramatic personae Sergeant Legrand and Private Durand and the snake—a deadly lancehead.

The soldier had been punished with a night in the cells for some trivial offense, but as the night was very hot the sergeant had left the door open. In the morning at 5 o'clock Legrand

is needless to remark that the weakness of the lancehead is milk and music. The serpent, which was a six foot specimen, awoke, glided from the soldier's body toward the bowl, but it had no sooner buried its head in its beloved drink than ten cudgels descended on it with terrific force, killing it outright.

The soldier Durand, who was in a swoon, was taken to the hospital, where he lay for many days on the



THE SERGEANT DID NOT LOSE HIS PRESENCE OF MIND.

went to take his prisoner and to his horror beheld a lancehead snake coiled up and fast asleep on the man's breast.

The sergeant did not lose his presence of mind. He stole noiselessly away, ran to the guardroom and, followed by all the men on duty, returned to the cell with a bowl of milk and a tin whistle. Placing the bowl of milk at the entrance to the cell, the sergeant began to play "The Blue Danube." It

verge of madness. He finally recovered and related his horrible experience—how he had awoke in the middle of the night as the serpent was coiling itself on his bare breast and how he had lain there in an agony for hours, not daring to move a muscle.

Durand was sent back to France as soon as he had sufficiently recovered. The only trace of his terrible experience, adds the Eclair, is that his hair is now snow white.

## Man Treed by Blacksnake.

Experience Convinces Him That This Species of Reptile Is Not Wholly Lacking In the Power of Reason.

Two large blacksnakes were observed by John Hoffman sunning beside a brook in the open woods near Highland lake, Connecticut. At sight of young Hoffman the snakes, both of which were fully six feet long, started in the same direction, finally disappearing in a hole between large stones at the base of a hemlock tree.

Hoffman procured a long piece of rope, to one end of which he fastened a noose made of fine wire, and after placing it over the hole climbed the tree with the other end of the rope in his hand. As one of the snakes

emerged from the ground Hoffman pulled upon the rope, snaring the reptile.

No sooner had he done so, however, than the snake's mate came out of the hole and, apparently realizing the predicament of its lassoed mate, started up the rope after Hoffman, who, after the reptile had ascended to within a few feet of him, dropped the rope.

Hoffman did not dare to leave the tree until the two snakes and the rope disappeared through the woods.

Hoffman is now convinced that blacksnakes can reason.

## Bride Makes Daring Trip.

Goes Up In Husband's Skeleton Balloon and Descends 7,000 Feet In a Parachute, Landing In the Passaic River None the Worse For Her Thrilling Experience.

A drop of 7,000 feet on a parachute bar, which ended in the middle of the Passaic river, was made in the presence of 5,000 spectators at the Hillside (N. J.) pleasure park recently by a young woman who had never been up in a balloon before and who ascended in a blue silk gown and a "Merry Widow" hat. She was rescued in thrilling fashion by a young man who plunged, fully clad, into the river and brought her ashore, and she was none the worse for her experience.

The woman was Mrs. Dorothy Mack,

ropes. When the balloon was released it shot almost straight up, there being little air current, and within a few minutes was half a mile above the ground.

The crowd cheered her, and she waved her handkerchief in return.

The balloon rose until the girl's figure could scarcely be discerned—Mack said it was about a mile and a quarter high—before the signal was given for her to cut loose the parachute.

Mack fired three revolver shots, and a moment later the parachute could be made out dropping away from the



THE GIRL STRUCK THE WATER WITH A GREAT SPLASH.

the twenty-year-old bride of Johnnie Mack, a professional aeronaut, who has been making ascensions at the park every Sunday recently.

"It looks so easy, Jack, you must let me try it," she begged of him as he was on the way to the grounds. He laughed, thinking she was joking, and refused. But she persisted, and, being newly wed, he consented just before the time for the ascension arrived.

Mack inflated the hot air balloon, and his young wife tied a cord about the bottom of her skirt and prepared for the test by arranging her pompadour and tightening the pins in her big hat.

"Grab hold," he ordered when everything was right, and the girl swung over the trapeze bar and held to the

big bag and plunging down hundreds of feet before it spread open. When about halfway down it seemed to strike an air current that carried it in the direction of the Passaic river, and hundreds of spectators ran in that direction to render aid if it proved necessary.

But the girl struck the water with a great splash before any one could get a boat ready, and, weak from holding to the bar, she sank after a few feeble strokes.

Jesse Schurman, a young bookkeeper, plunged in without taking off even his hat and reached Mrs. Mack as she was going down a second time. Following his instructions, she turned upon her back, and he towed her into shallow water.

## Slain After Long Revenge.

Witness Against the Molly Maguires Murdered at Night In Peoria, Ill.—Had Feared Vengeance For Years.

Pursued for thirty years by friends of the Molly Maguires, against a number of whom he was the star witness, August Beltzner at last met the fate that he always believed was in store for him because of the part he took in putting an end to the reign of terror that prevailed in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania from 1875 to 1878.

Beltzner was a witness in several of the trials that terminated in the hanging of more than a score of the leaders of the Mollys at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, and Mauch Chunk, Carbon county.

Jack Kehoe, who conducted a hotel at Pottsville, was the chief of the Molly Maguires, a secret organization that murdered many mine owners and superintendents, and it was principally Beltzner's testimony that convicted Kehoe and several of his followers, who were hanged at one time in the jail yard at Pottsville in the summer of 1878.

Beltzner was foreman of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company at Tamaqua and succeeded Morgan Powell, the superintendent, who was assassinated one winter night as he was leaving the company store near his home at Tamaqua.

The prosecution of the Mollys was conducted by the late Franklin B. Gowen, for a number of years president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad company, who some years ago met a tragic death in a hotel at Washington. He was found shot dead in his room, and, although the verdict of the coroner's jury was that he had committed suicide, it has always been believed that he was murdered by friends of the men whom he had sent to the gallows.

Beltzner had a premonition that he would suffer death at the hands of the Molly sympathizers, and in the hope of escaping their vengeance he moved, twenty-five years ago, to Joliet, Ill., where he opened a store and where he was mysteriously murdered recently, according to information received by friends here. He was about closing up for the night and had already extinguished the lights when he was shot down by an unknown man, who escaped. He was sixty-five years of age.

Acting Superintendent Morgan of the New York Aquarium was attacked by the big sea lion Buster, and his right shoulder was badly torn.

The sea lion, which has been ugly since its mate was taken to Bronx park, was barking for its dinner, and Mr. Morgan took its six pound daily ration to the tank, which is twenty feet in diameter.

Mr. Morgan stepped over the wire netting to the platform at one end of the tank, and the sea lion hopped up

the incline that leads to the water. Mr. Morgan, who was stooping, didn't see Buster until the sea lion closed its jaws on his shoulder.

With a cry of pain, Mr. Morgan tore himself loose and, aided by a keeper, hurried the lion back into the water.

He was taken to his office in the building by two attendants, and Dr. Brannon of State street found two deep wounds on the shoulder, besides abrasions where the jaws of the animal had crushed the flesh.

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